THE

Old DEBAUCHEES.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the THEATRE-ROYAL in DRURY-LANE.

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

By the Author of the MODERN HUSBAND.

LONDON:

Printed for J. W. And Sold by J. ROBERTS in *Warwick-Lane*, MDCCXXXII.

[Price One Shilling.]

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PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *William Mills.*

I Wiſh, with all my Heart, the Stage and Town
Would both agree to cry all Prologues down;
That we, no more oblig'd to ſay or ſing,
Might drop this uſeleſs neceſſary Thing:
No more with aukward Strut, before the Curtain,
Chaunt out ſome Rhimes --- there's neither good nor hurt in.

What is this Stuff the Poets make us deal in,
But ſome old worn-out Jokes of their Retailing:
From Sages of our own, or former Times,
Tranſvers'd from Proſe, perhaps tranſpros'd from Rhimes.

How long the Tragick Muſe her Station kept,
How Guilt was humbl'd, and how Tyrants wept,
Forgetting ſtill how often Hearers ſlept.

Perhaps, for Change, you, now and then, by Fits,
Are told that Criticks are the Bane of Wits;
How they turn Vampyres, being dead and damn'd,
And with the Blood of living Bards are cramm'd:
That Poets thus tormented die, and then
The Devil gets in them, and they ſuck agen.

Thus modern Bards, like Bays, their Prologues frame,
For this, and that, and every Play the ſame,
Which you, moſt juſtly, neither praiſe nor blame.

As ſomething muſt be ſpoke, no matter what;
No Friends are now by Prologues loſt or got;
By ſuch Harangues we raiſe nor Spleen, nor Pity---
Thus ends this idle, but important Ditty.

Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Old Lunatic.	Mr. Shepard.
Young Larpon.	Mr. Mills, Junior.
Father Martin.	Mr. Cibber, Junior.
Old Jourdain.	Mr. Roberts.

WOMEN.

Isabel.	Miss Raftor.
Beatrice.	Miss Williams.

SCENE THOULON.

THE *Old DEBAUCHEES.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Mr.* Jourdain's.

Iſabel, Beatrice.

ISABEL.

A Nunnery! Ha, ha, ha! And is it poſſible, my dear *Beatrice*, you can intend to ſacrifice your Youth and Beauty, to go out of the World as ſoon as you come into it!

Bea. No one, my dear *Iſabel*, can ſacrifice too much or too ſoon to Heaven.

Iſa. Pſhaw! Heaven regards Hearts and not Faces, and an old Woman will be as acceptable a Sacrifice as a young one.

Bea. It is poſſible you may come to a better Underſtanding, and value the World as little as I do.

Iſa. As you ſay, it is poſſible when I can enjoy it no longer, I may; nay, I do not care if I promiſe you when I grow old and ugly, I'll come and keep you Company: But this I am poſitive, till the World is weary of me, I never ſhall be weary of the World.

Bea. What can a Woman of Senſe ſee in it worth her valuing?

Iſa. Oh! ten thouſand pretty things! Equipage, Cards, Muſick, Plays, Balls, Flattery, Viſits, and that prettieſt thing of all pretty things, a pretty Fellow.——I rather wonder what Charms a Woman of any Spirit can fancy in a Nunnery, in watching, working, praying, and ſometimes, I am afraid, wiſhing for other Company than that of an old fuſty Friar—Oh! 'tis a delightful State, when every Man one ſees, inſtead of tempting us to Sin, is to rebuke us for them.

Bea. Such Sentiments as theſe would indeed make you very uneaſy——but believe me, Child, you would ſoon bring yourſelf to hate Mankind; faſting and praying are the beſt Cures in the World for theſe violent Paſſions.

Iſa. On my Conſcience I ſhould want neither; if the continual Sight of a Set of dirty Prieſts would not bring me to abhor Mankind, I dare ſwear nothing could.

SCENE II.

Old Laroon, Iſabel, Beatrice.

Old Lar. Good-morrow, my little Wag-tail——my Graſhopper, my Butterfly. Odſo! you little Baggage, you look as full of————as full of Love and Sport and Wantonneſs————I wiſh I was a young Fellow again——Oh! that I was but five and twenty for thy ſake. Where's my Boy? What, has not he been with you, has not he ſerenaded you?——Odſheart——I never

never let his Mother ſleep for a Month before I married her.

Iſa. Indeed!

Old Lar. No Madam, nor for a Month afterwards neither. The young Fellows of this Age are nothing, mere Butterflies, to thoſe of ours——Odſheart I remember the Time, when I could have taken a Hop, Step, and Jump over the Steeple of *Notre Dame*.

Bea. I fancy the Sparks of your Age had Wings, Sir.

Old Lar. Wings, you little Baggage, no—but they had—they had Limbs, like Elephants, and as ſtrong they were as *Sampſon*, and as ſwift as——Why, I have my ſelf run down a Stag in a fair Chace, and eat him afterwards for my Dinner. But come, where is my old Neighbour, my old Friend, my old *Jourdain?*

Iſa. At his Devotions, I ſuppoſe, this is the Hour he generally employs in them.

Old Lar. This Hour! ay, all Hours. I dare ſwear he ſpends more Time in them, than all the Prieſts in *Toulon*. Well, give him his due, he was wicked as long as he could be ſo, and when he could ſin no longer, why he began to repent that he had ſinned at all. Oh! there is nothing ſo devout as an old Whoremaſter.

Bea. I fancy then it will be ſhortly Time for you to think of it, Sir!

Old Lar. Ay, Madam, about ſome thirty or forty Years hence it may——Odſheart! I am but in the prime of my Years yet: And if it was not for a ſaucy young Raſcal who looks me in the Face and calls me Father, might make a very good Figure among the Beaus. But tho' I am not ſo young in Years, I am in Conſtitution as any of them; and I don't queſtion but to live to ſee a Son and a great Grandſon both born on the ſame Day.

Iſa. You will excuſe this Lady, Mr. *Laroon*, who is going to retire ſo much earlier—

Old Lar. Retire!—Then it is with a young Fellow, I hope.

Iſa. Into a Cloiſter, I aſſure you.

Old Lar. A Cloiſter!—Why, Madam, if you have a mind to hang your ſelf at the Year's End; would it not be better to ſpend your Time in Matrimony than in a Nunnery? Don't let a Set of raſcally Prieſts put ſtrange Notions in your Head. Take my Word for it, and I am a very honeſt Fellow, there are no Raptures worth a Louſe, but thoſe in the Arms of a brisk young Cavalier. Of all the Actions of my Youth, there are none I reflect on with ſo much Pleaſure as having burnt half a Dozen Nunneries, and delivered ſeveral hundred Virgins out of Captivity.

Bea. Oh! Villany! unheard of Villany!

Iſa. Unheard of till this Moment I dare ſwear.

Old Lar. Out of which Number there are at preſent nine Counteſſes, three Dutcheſſes, and a Queen, who owe their Liberty and their Promotion to this Arm.

SCENE III.

Old Laroon, *Young* Laroon, Iſabel, Beatrice.

Old Lar. You are a fine Spark truly to let your Father viſit your Miſtreſs before you—'Sdeath! I believe you are no Son of mine. Where have you been, Sir? What have you been doing, Sir, hey?

Y. Lar. Sir, I have been at my Devotions.

Old Lar. At your Devotions! nay, then you are no Son of mine, that's certain. Is not this the Shrine you are to offer up at, Sirrah! Is not here the Altar you are to officiate at?—Sirrah! you have no Blood of mine in you. I believe you are the Baſtard of ſome travelling *Engliſh* Alderman, and muſt have come into the World with a Cuſtard in your Mouth.

Y. Lar. I hope, Madam, you will allow my Excuſe, tho' the old Gentleman here will not.

Old Lar. Old Gentleman! very fine! Sirrah! I'll convince you I am a young Gentleman; I'll marry to-night, and make you a Brother before you are a Father; I'll teach you to thruſt him out of the World that thruſt you into it——Madam, have no more to ſay to the ungracious Dog.

Y. Lar. That will be a ſure way to quit all Obligations between us; for the Happineſs I propoſe in this Lady, is the chief Reaſon why I ſhould thank you for bringing me into the World.

Old Lar. What's that you ſay, Sir; ſay that again, Sir.

Y. Lar. I was only thanking you, Sir, for deſiring this Lady to take from me all I eſteem on Earth.

Old Lar. Well enough that! I begin to think him my own again. I have made that very Speech to half the Women in *Paris*.

SCENE IV.

To them Martin.

Mart. Peace be with you all, Good People.

Old Lar. Peace cannot ſtay long in any Place where a Prieſt comes. [*Aſide.*

Mart. Daughter, I am ready to receive your Confeſſion—

Old Lar. Ay, ay, ſhe has a fine Parcel of ſinful Thoughts to anſwer for, I warrant her.

Mart. Mr. *Lareon*, you are too much inclined to Slander, I muſt reprove you for it. My Daughter's Thoughts are as pure as a Saint's.

Old Lar. As any Saint's in Chriſtendom within a Day of Matrimony.

Mart. Within a Day of Matrimony; it is too quick I have not yet had ſufficient Time to prepare her Mind for that ſolemn Sacrament.

Old Lar.

Old Lar. Prepare her Mind for a young Fellow; prepare your Mind for a Biſhoprick.

Mart. Sir, there are Ceremonies requiſite, I ſhall be as expeditious as poſſible, but the Church has Rules.

Old Lar. Sir, you may be as expeditious or as ſlow as you pleaſe, but I will not have my Boy diſappointed of his Happineſs one Day, for all the Rules in *Europe*.

SCENE V.

Martin, Iſabel.

Mart. I ſhall bring this Haughtineſs to a Penance, you may not like. Well, my dear Daughter, I hope your Account is not long. You have not many Articles ſince our laſt Reckoning.

Iſa. I wiſh you do not think it ſo, Father. Firſt, telling nine Lyes at the Opera the other Night to Mr. *Laroon*; yeſterday talk'd during the whole Maſs to a young Cavalier. [*he groans.*] Nay, if you groan already, I ſhall make you groan more before I have done; laſt Night cheated at Cards, ſcandalized three of my Acquaintance, went to Bed without ſaying my Prayers, and dreamt of Mr. *Laroon*.

Mart. Oh!—Tell me the Particulars of that Dream.

Iſa. Nay, Father, that I muſt be excus'd.—

Mart. Modeſty at Confeſſion is as unſeaſonable as in Bed, and your Mind ſhould appear as naked to your Confeſſor, as your Perſon to your Husband.

Iſa. I thought he embraced me with the utmoſt Tenderneſs.

Mart. But were you pleaſed therewith?

Iſa. You know, Father, a Lye now would be the greateſt of Sins. I was not diſpleaſed I aſſure you. But I have often heard you ſay, there is no Sin in Love.

Mart.

Mart. No, in Love it ſelf there is not: Love is not *Malum in ſe.* Nor in the Exceſs is there ſometimes any: but then it muſt be rightly placed, muſt be directed to a proper Object. The Love a Daughter bears her Confeſſor is no doubt not only innocent, but extremely laudable.

Iſa. Yes, but that—that is another ſort of Love, you know.

Mart. You are deceived, there is but one ſort of Love which is juſtifiable, or, indeed, deſirable.

Iſa. I hope my Love for *Laroon* is that.

Mart. That I know not, I wiſh it may; however, I have ſome Diſpute as yet remaining with me concerning it; 'till that be ſatisfied, it will be improper for you to proceed any farther in the Affair. All the Penance, therefore, I ſhall enjoin you on this Confeſſion, is to defer your Marriage one Week; by which time I ſhall have reſolved within my ſelf whether you ſhall marry him at all.

Iſa. Not marry him at all? Sure, Father, you are not in earneſt.

Mart. I never jeſt on theſe Occaſions.

Iſa. What Reaſon can you have?

Mart. My Reaſons may not be ſo ripe for your Ears at preſent. But, perhaps, better things are deſigned for you.

Iſa. A Fidleſtick! I tell you, Father, better things cannot be deſigned for me. I ſuppoſe, you have found out ſome old Fellow with twenty Livres a Year more in his Power; but I can aſſure you, if I marry not *Laroon*, I'll not marry any.

Mart. Perhaps you are not deſigned to marry any. Let me feel your Pulſe——Extremely feverish.

Iſa. You are enough to put any one in a Fever. I was to have been married to-morrow to a pretty Fellow, and now I muſt defer my Marriage, 'till you have conſider'd whether I ſhall marry at all or no.

Mart.

Mart. Have you any more Sins to confeſs!

Iſa. Sins!— You have put all my Sins out of my Head, I think.

Mart. Benedicite— [*croſſing himſelf.*] Daughter, you ſhall ſee me ſoon again, for great things are in Agitation: At preſent, I leave you to your Prayers.

SCENE V.

Iſabel *alone.*

Iſa. Sure never poor Maid had more need of Prayers: but you have left me no great Stomach to them. Great things are in Agitation! What can he mean? It muſt be ſo—— Some old liquoriſh Rogue with a Title, or a larger Eſtate hath a mind to ſupplant my dear *Laroon.*

SCENE VI.

Young Laroon, Iſabel.

Yo. Lar. My *Iſabel*, my Sweet!— how painfully do I count each tedious Hour, till I can call you mine?

Iſa. Indeed, you are like to count many more tedious Hours than you imagine.

Yo. Lar. Ha! What means my Love?

Iſa. I would not have your Wiſhes too impatient, that's all; but if you will wait a Week, you ſhall know whether I intend to marry you or not.

Yo. Lar. And is this poſſible? Can Words like theſe fall from *Iſabel*'s ſweet Lips; can ſhe be falſe, inconſtant, perjured?

Iſa. Oh! do not diſcharge ſuch a Volley of terrible Names upon me before you are certain I deſerve them; doubt only whether I can be obedient to my Confeſſor, and gueſs the reſt.

Yo. Lar. Can he have enjoined you to be perjured, by Heaven it would be ſinful to obey him.

Iſa.

Isa. Be satisfied, if I prevail with my self to obey him in this Week's Delay, I will carry my Obedience no farther.

Yo. Lar. Oh! to what Happiness have those dear Words restor'd me. I am again my self: for while the Possession of thee is sure, tho' distant, there is in that dear Hope, more Transport than any other actual Enjoyment can afford.

Isa. Well adieu, and to cram you quite full with Hope (since you like the Food) I here promise you, that the Commands of all the Priests in *France* shall not force me to marry another. That is, Sir, I will either marry you or die a Maid, and I have no violent Inclination to the latter, on the Word of a Virgin.

SCENE VII.

Young Laroon *solus.*

Whether a violent Hatred to my Father, or an inordinate Love for Mischief, hath set the Priest on this Affair, I know not. Perhaps it is the former—— for the old Gentleman hath the Happiness of being universally hated by every Priest in *Toulon*—— Let a Man abuse a Physician, he makes another Physician his Friend, let him rail at a Lawyer, another will plead his Cause gratis; if he libel this Courtier, that Courtier receives him into his Bosom: but let him once attack a Hornet or a Priest, the whole Nest of Hornets, and the whole Regiment of Black-guards are sure to be upon him.

SCENE VIII.

Old Laroon *laughing*, *Young* Laroon.

Yo. Lar. You are merry, Sir.

Old. Lar. Merry, Sir! Ay, Sir! I am merry, Sir. Would you have your Father sad, you Rascal? Have you a mind to bury him in his Youth?

Yo. Lar. Pardon me, Sir, I rather wiſhed to know the happy Occaſion of your Mirth.

Old Lar. The Occaſion of my Mirth, Sir, is the ſaddeſt Sight that ever Mortal beheld.

Yo. Lar. A very odd Occaſion indeed.

Old Lar. Very odd truly. It is the Sight of an old honeſt Whoremaſter in a Fit of Deſpair, and a damned Rogue of a Prieſt riding him to the Devil.

Yo. Lar. Ay, Sir, but I have ſeen a more melancholy Sight.

Old Lar. Ha! what can that be?

Yo. Lar. A fine young Lady in a Fit of Love, and a Prieſt keeping her from her Lover.

Old Lar. How?

Yo. Lar. The Explanation of which is, that Father *Martin* hath put off our Match for a Week.

Old. Lar. Put off your Match with *Iſabel!*

Yo. Lar. Even ſo, Sir.

Old Lar. Well I never have made a Hole in a Gown yet, I never have tapped a Prieſt: but if I don't let out ſome reverend Blood before the Sun ſets, may I never ſee him riſe again. I'll carbonade the Villain, I'll make a Ragout for the Devil's Supper of him.

Yo. Lar. Let me intreat you, Sir, to do nothing raſhly, as long as I am ſafe in the Faith of my *Iſabel.*

Old Lar. I tell you, Sirrah, no Man is ſafe in the Faith of a Miſtreſs, no one is ſecure of a Woman till he is in Bed with her. Had there been any Security in the Faith of a Miſtreſs, I had been at preſent married to half the Dutcheſſes in *France.* I no more rely on what a Woman ſays out of a Church, than on what a Prieſt ſays in it.

Yo. Lar. Pardon me, Sir: but I ſhould have very little Appetite to marry the Woman whom I had ſuch an Opinion of.

Old Lar. You had an Opinion of! What Buſineſs have you to have any Opinion. Is it not enough that I have

I have an Opinion of her, that is of her Fortune— But I ſuppoſe you are one of thoſe romantick, whining Coxcombs, that are in Love with a Woman behind her Back: Sirrah, I have had two Women lawfully, and two thouſand unlawfully, and never was in Love in my Life.

Yo. Lar. Well, Sir, then I am happy, that we both agree in the ſame Perſon; I like the Woman, and you her Fortune.

Old. Lar. Yes, you Dog, and I'd have you ſecure her as ſoon as you can: for if a greater Fortune ſhould be found out in *Toulon*, I'd make you marry her— So go find out your Miſtreſs, and ſtick cloſe to her, and I'll go ſeek the Prieſt, whom, if I can find, I will ſtick cloſe to with a Vengeance.

SCENE IX.

Another Apartment.

Jourdain, Martin.

Jourd. Alas! Father, there is one Sin ſticks by me more than any I have confeſſed to you. It is ſo enormous a one my Shame hath prevented me diſcovering it— I have often concealed my Crimes from my Confeſſor.

Mart. That is a damnable Sin indeed. It ſeemeth to argue a Diſtruſt of the Church, the greateſt of all Crimes; a Sin I fear the Church cannot forgive.

Jourd. Oh! ſay not ſo, Father!

Mart. I ſhould have ſaid will not, or not without difficulty: for the Church can do all things.

Jourd. That is ſome Comfort again.

Mart. I hope, however, tho' you have not confeſſed them, you have not forgotten them; for they muſt be confeſſed before they can be forgiven.

Jourd. I hope I ſhall recollect them, they are a black Roll— I remember I once was the Occaſion of

ruining a Woman's Reputation by ſhewing a Letter from her.

Mart. If you had ſhewn it to the Prieſt it had been no Fault.

Jourd. Alas! Sir, I wrote the Letter to my ſelf, and thus traduced the Innocent. I afterwards commanded a Company of Granadiers, at the taking of a Town, where I knocked a poor old Gentleman in the Head for the ſake of his Money, and raviſhed his Daughter.

Mart. Theſe are crying Sins indeed.

Jourd. At the ſame time I robbed a Jeſuit of two Piſtoles.

Mart. Oh! damnable! Oh! execrable!

Jourd. Good Father, have Patience: I once borrowed five hundred Livres of an honeſt Citizen in *Paris*, and repay'd him by lying with his Wife: And what ſits neareſt my Heart, was forced to pay a young Cavalier the ſame Sum, by ſuffering him to lie with mine.

Mart. Oh!

Jourd. And yet what are theſe to what I have done ſince I commenced Merchant. What have I not done to get a Penny. I inſured a Ship for a great Value, and then caſt it away; I broke when I was worth a hundred thouſand Livres, and went over to *London*. I ſettled there, renounced my Religion, and was made a Juſtice of Peace.

Mart. Oh! that Seat of Hereſy and Damnation! that Whore of *Babylon!*

Jourd. With the Whores of *Babylon* did I unite: I protected them from Juſtice: Gaming-houſes and Baudy-houſes did I licenſe, nay, and frequent too; I never puniſhed any Vice but Poverty: for Oh! I dread to name it: I once committed a Prieſt to *Newgate* for picking Pockets.

Mart.

Mart. Oh! monſtrous! horrible! dreadful! I'll hear no more. Thou art damn'd without Reprieve.

Jourd. Take Pity, Father, take Pity on a Penitent.

Mart. Pity! the Church abhors it. 'Twere Mercy to ſuch a Wretch to pray him into Purgatory.

Jourd. I'll give all my Eſtate to the Church, I'll found Monaſteries, I'll build Abbies.

Mart. All will not do, ten thouſand Maſſes will not deliver you.

Jourd. Was ever ſuch a miſerable Wretch!

Mart. Thou haſt Sins enough to damn thy whole Family. Monſtrous Impiety! to liſt up the Hand of Juſtice againſt the Church.

Jourd. Oh ſpeak ſome Comfort to me: will no Penance expiate my Crime?

Mart. It is too grievous for a ſingle Penance, go ſettle your Eſtate on the Church, and ſend your Daughter to a Nunnery, her Prayers will avail more than yours: Heaven hears the young and innocent with Pleaſure. I will, my ſelf, ſay four Maſſes a-day for you; and all theſe, I hope, will purchaſe your Forgiveneſs, at leaſt your Stay in Purgatory will be ſhort.

Jourd. My Daughter! She is to be married to-morrow, and I ſhall never prevail on her.

Mart. You muſt force her; your all depends on it.

Jourd. But I have already ſworn I will not force her.

Mart. The Church abſolves you from that Oath, and it were now Impiety to keep it. Go, loſe not a Moment, ſee her entered with the utmoſt Expedition; ſhe may put it out of your Power.

Jourd. What a poor miſerable Wretch am I?

SCENE X.

Martin *ſolus.*

Thou art a miſerable Wretch indeed! And it is on ſuch miſerable Wretches depends our Power; that

that Superſtition which tears thy Bowels, feeds ours. This Nunnery is a Maſter-piece, let me but once ſhut up my dear *Iſabel* from every other Man, and the Warmth of her Conſtitution may be my very powerful Friend. How far am I got already from the very Brink of Deſpair, by the Deſpair of this old Fool. Superſtition, I adore thee,

Thou handle to the cheated Layman's Mind,
By which in Fetters Prieſtcraft leads Mankind.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Jourdain, Iſabel.

JOURDAIN.

HAve you no Compaſſion for your Father, for him that gave you being? Could you bear to hear me howl in Purgatory?

Iſa. Lud! Pappa! Do you think your putting me into Purgatory in this World, will ſave you from Purgatory in the next? If you have any Sins you muſt repent of them your ſelf; for I give you my Word, I have enough to do to repent of my own.

Jourd. You will ſoon wipe off that Score, and will be then in a Place where you cannot contract a new one.

Iſa. Indeed, Sir, to ſhut a Woman out from Sin is not ſo eaſy. But, dear Sir, how can it enter into your Head, that my Penance can be acceptable for your Sin? Take my Word, one Week's faſting will be of more Service to you than this long Faſt you would enjoin me.

Jourd. Alas! Child, if faſting would do, I am ſure I have not been wanting to my Duty: I have faſted

till

till I am almoſt worn away to nothing; I have almoſt faſted my ſelf into Purgatory, while I was faſting my ſelf out of it.

Iſa. But whence comes all this Apprehenſion of your Danger?

Jourd. Whence ſhould it come, but from the Church.

Iſa. Oh! Sir, I have thought of the moſt lucky thing. You know, my Couſin *Beatrice* is juſt going into a Nunnery, and ſhe will pray for you as much as you would have her.

Jourd. Trifle not with ſo ſerious a Concern. No Prayers but yours will ever do me good.

Iſa. Then you ſhall have them any where but in a Nunnery.

Jourd. They muſt be there too.

Iſa. That will be impoſſible: for if I was there, inſtead of praying you out of Purgatory, my Prayers would be all bent to pray my ſelf out of the Nunnery again.

SCENE II.

Old Laroon, Jourdain, Iſabel.

Old. Lar. A Dog, a Villain, put off my Son's Match. Mr. *Jourdain*, your Servant; will you ſuffer a Rogue of a Jeſuit to defer your Daughter's Marriage a whole Week?

Jourd. I am ſorry, Mr. *Laroon*, for the Diſappointment, but her Marriage will be deferred longer than that.

Old. Lar. How, Sir!

Jourd. She is intended for another Marriage, Sir, a much better Match.

Old. Lar. A much better Match!—

Iſa. Yes, Sir, I am to be ſent to a Nunnery, to pray my Father out of Purgatory.

Old Lar. Oh! Ho!—We'll make that Matter very eaſy:

easy: he shall have no Fear of Purgatory; for I'll send him to the Devil this Moment. Come, Sir, draw, draw——

Jourd. Draw what, Sir!

Old Lar. Draw your Sword, Sir.

Jourd. Alas, Sir, I have long since done with Swords, I have broke my Sword long since.

Old Lar. Then I shall break your Head, you old Rogue.

Jourd. Heyday——you are mad; what's the Matter?

Old Lar. Oh! no matter, no matter, you have used me ill, and you are a Son of a Whore, that's all.

Jourd. I wou'd not, Mr. *Laroon*, have my Conscience accuse me of using you ill: I should not have preferred any earthly Match to your Son, but if Heaven requires her——

Old Lar. I shall run mad.

Jourd. I hope my Daughter has Grace enough to make an Atonement for her Father's Sins.

Old Lar. And so, you wou'd atone for all your former Rogueries, by a greater, by perverting the Design of Nature! Was this Girl intended for praying! Hearkee, old Gentleman, let the young Couple together, and they'll sacrifice their first Fruits to the Church.

Jourd. It is impossible.

Old Lar. Well, Sir, then I shall attempt to persuade you no longer; so, Sir, I desire you would fetch your Sword.

SCENE III.

Young Laroon *in a Friar's Habit*, *Old* Laroon, Jourdain.

Y. Lar. Let Peace be in this House——Where is the Sinner *Jourdain*?

Jourd. Here is the miserable Wretch.

Old Lar. Death and the Devil, another Priest.

Y. Lar. Then know I am thy Friend, and am come to ſave thee from Deſtruction.

Old Lar. That's likely enough.

Y. Lar. St. *Francis* the Patron of our Order hath ſent me on this Journey, to caution thee, that thou may not ſuffer thy ſinful Daughter to profane the holy Veil. Such was it ſeems thy Purpoſe; but the Perdition that would have attended it I dread to think on. Rejoice therefore, and proſtrate thy ſelf at the Shrine of a Saint, who has not only ſent thee this Caution, but does himſelf intercede for all thy Sins.

Old Lar. Agad! and St. *Francis* is a very honeſt Fellow, and thou art the firſt Prieſt that ever I lik'd in my whole Life.

Jourd. St. *Francis* honours me too much. I ſhall try to deſerve the Favour of that Saint. But wherefore is my Daughter denied the holy Veil?

Y. Lar. Your Daughter, I am concern'd to ſay it, is now with Child by a young Gentleman, one Mr. *Laroon.*

Jourd. Oh Heavens!

Old Lar. What's that you ſay, Sir, becauſe I thought I heard ſomewhat of a damn'd Lye come out of your Mouth.

Y. Lar. Sir, it is St. *Francis* ſpeaks within me, and he cannot be miſtaken.

Old Lar. I can tell you, Sir, if that young Gentleman had heard you, he would certainly have thraſhed St. *Francis* out of you.

Y. Lar. Sir, you have nothing to do now, but to prepare the Match with the utmoſt Expedition.

Old Lar. This St. *Francis* muſt lye, or the Boy would not be ſo eager upon the Affair: No one is ever eager to ſign Articles when they have entered the Town.——Well, Maſter *Jourdain*, if the young Dog has tripped up your Daughter's Heels in an unlawful way, as St. *Francis* ſays, why, he ſhall make her amends and——and do it in a lawful one. So I'll

go ſee for my Son, while you go and comfort the poor Chicken that is pining for fear of a Nunnery. ——Odſheart, it would be very hard indeed, when a Girl has once had her Belly full, that ſhe muſt faſt all her Life afterwards.

Y. Lar. I have deliver'd my Commiſſion and ſhall now return to my Convent——Farewel, and return Thanks to St. *Francis.*

Jourd. Oh! St. *Francis!* St. *Francis!* What a merciful Saint art thou!

SCENE IV. *Another Apartment.*

Martin, Iſabel.

Mart. Indeed, Child, there are Pleaſures in a retired Life, which you are entirely ignorant of. Nay, there are Indulgencies granted to People in that State, which would be ſinful out of it. And, perhaps, the ſame Liberties are permitted them with one Perſon, which are deny'd them with another. Come, put on a chearful Countenance, you don't know what you are deſign'd for.

Iſa. No, but I know what I am not deſign'd for.

Mart. Let me feel your Pulſe.

Iſa. You are a Phyſician as well as a Prieſt, I ſuppoſe.

Mart. Have you never any odd Dreams?

Iſa. No.

Mart. Do you never find any ſtrange Emotions?

Iſa. No. None but what I believe are very natural.

Mart. Strange that!——Did you never ſee me in your Sleep?

Iſa. I never dream of a Prieſt, I aſſure you.

Mart. Nay, nay; be candid, confeſs, perhaps, there may be nothing ſo ſinful in it. We cannot help what we are deſign'd for. We are only paſſive, and the Sin lies not at our Doors. While you are only paſſive, I'll anſwer for your Sins.

Iſa.

Iſa. What do you mean?

Mart. That you muſt not yet know—Great things are deſign'd for you, very great things are deſigned for you.

Iſa. (Hum! I begin to gueſs what is deſign'd for me.) [*Aſide.*

Mart. Thoſe Eyes have a Fire in them that ſcarce ſeems mortal. Come hither ——— give me a Kiſs ——ha! there is a Sweetneſs in that Breath like what I've read of *Ambroſia*. That Boſom heaves like thoſe of Prieſteſſes of old, when big with Inſpiration.

Iſa. (Haity-tity——Are you thereabouts good Father?) [*Aſide.*

Mart. Let me embrace thee, my dear Daughter, let me give thee Joy of ſuch Promotion, ſuch Happineſs as will attend you.

Iſa. I'll try this reverend Gentleman his own way. [*Aſide*

Mart. You muſt reſign your ſelf up to my Will, you muſt be paſſive in all things.

Iſa. Oh! let me thus beg Pardon, on my Knees, for an Offence which Modeſty occaſioned.

Mart. Ha! ſpeak.

Iſa. Oh! I ſee it is in vain to hide my Secrets from you. What need have I to confeſs what you already know?

Mart. Confeſſion was intended for the ſake of the Penitent, not the Confeſſor: for to the Church all things are revealed.

Iſa. Oh! then I had a Dream——I dreamt——I dreamt——oh! I can never tell you what I dreamt.

Mart. Horrible!

Iſa. I dreamt——I dreamt——I dreamt——

Mart. Oh! the Strength of Sin!

Iſa. I dreamt I was brought to bed of the Pope.

Mart. The very Happineſs I meant, let me embrace you, let me kiſs you, my dear Daughter: Henceforth you may defy Purgatory—the Mother of a Pope was never there.

Iſa. But how can that be, when I am to be a Nun, Father?

Mart. Leave the Means to me. Learn only to be paſſive, the Church will work the reſt. A Pope is always the Son of a Nun. Go you to your Chamber, waſh your ſelf, then pray devoutly, ſhut every Ray of Light out, leave open the Door and expect the Conſequence.

Iſa. Father, I ſhall be obedient—oh! the Villain!

Mart. Be paſſive and be happy.

SCENE V.

Jourdain, Martin, Iſabel.

Mart. Ha! Why this unſeaſonable Interruption, while your Daughter is at Confeſſion?

Jourd. Oh, Father, I have brought you News will make you happy, will rejoice your poor Heart. My Daugher is redeemed.

Mart. Out of Purgatory—— vain Man! doſt thou think to inform the Church?—

Jourd. I ſuppoſe St. *Francis* has been beforehand with me. Indeed I ſhould have imagined that before: for we ſeldom hear any thing from the Saints, but thro' the Mouth of a Prieſt.

Mart. (What does he mean?) [*Aſide.*

Jourd. Well, Daughter, the Thoughts of a Nunnery now give you no Uneaſineſs.

Mart. No, no, ſhe is perfectly reconciled to it, and I am confident, would not quit the Nunnery for the Bed of a Prince.

Jourd. Ha! would not quit the Nunnery, Heaven forbid.

Mart. How! you are not mad!

Jourd. Unleſs with Joy. I thought you had known that I have received an Order from St. *Francis*, to marry my Daughter immediately.

Mart.

Mart. Oh! Folly! to marry her immediately; why ay, to marry her to the Church, St. *Francis* means. You ſee into what Errors the Laity run, when they go without the Leading-ſtrings of the Church, and would interpret for themſelves what they know nothing of.

Iſa. I'll take this Opportunity to ſteal off, and communicate a Deſign of mine to young *Laroon*, which may draw this Prieſt into a Snare he little dreams of.

Jourd. But I cannot ſee how that ſhould be St. *Francis*'s Meaning: For tho' my Daughter may be married to the Church in a figurative Senſe, ſure, ſhe cannot be with Child by the Church in a literal one.

Mart. I ſee the Buſineſs now, unhappy Man! I was in Hopes to have prevented this—— *Exorcizo te, Exorcizo te*, Satan. *Ton Dapamibominos proſephe podas otus Achilleus.*

Jourd. Bleſs us, what mean you?

Mart. You are poſſeſſed; the Devil has taken poſſeſſion of you; he is now within you, I ſaw him juſt now look out of your Eyes.

Jourd. O miſerable Wretch that I am!

SCENE VI.

Old Laroon, *Young* Laroon, Jourdain, Martin.

Old Lar. Mr. *Jourdain*, your Servant. Where is my Daughter-in-law: I'll warrant ſhe will eaſily forgive one Day's forwarding the Match. Odſo, it's an Error of the right ſide.

Jourd. Talk not to me of my Daughter, I am poſſeſſed, I am poſſeſſed.

Old Lar. Poſſeſſed—what the Devil are you poſſeſſed with.

Jourd. I am poſſeſſed with the Devil.

Old Lar. You are poſſeſſed with a Prieſt, and that's worſe. Come, let's have the Wedding, and at Night, we'll

we'll drive the Devil out of you with a Fidle. The Devil is a great Lover of Muſick. I have known half a Dozen Devils dance out of a Man's Mouth at the tuning a Violin, then preſent the Company with a Hornpipe, and ſo dance a Jig through the Key-hole.

Mart. Thou art the Devil's Son; for he is the Father of Lyars.

Old Lar. Thou art the Devil's Footman, and weareſt his proper Livery.

Jourd. Fy upon you, Mr. *Laroon*; Fy upon you.

Mart. Mr. *Laroon!* O ſurprizing Effect of Poſſeſſion———Here is no Body.

Jourd. Can I not believe my Eyes?

Mart. Can you not! no—you are to believe mine. The Eyes of the Laity may err, the Eyes of a Prieſt cannot.

Jourd. And do I not ſee Mr. *Laroon* and his Son!

Mart. You ſee neither. It is the Spirit within you that repreſents to your Eyes and Ears what Objects it pleaſes.

Jourd. Oh! miſerable Wretch.

Old Lar. Agad I'll try whether I am no Body or no, and whether I cannot make this Prieſt ſenſible that I am ſomebody.

Y. Lar. For Heaven's ſake, Sir, conſider the Conſequence.

Old Lar. Conſequence! Do you think I'll ſuffer a Raſcal to prove me nothing at all to my Face?

Jourd. And is it poſſible all this is a Viſion?

Mart. Retire to Reſt——while I by the Force and Battery of Prayer, expel this dreadful Gueſt.

Jourd. Oh! what a miſerable Wretch am I!

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Old Laroon, *Young* Laroon, Martin.

Old Lar. Hearkee, Sir, will you pleaſe to tell me what this great Impudence of yours means? and what you would intend by Annihilating me.

Mart. It were happy for ſuch Sinners that they cou'd be annihilated: It were worth you two hundred thouſand Maſſes, take my Word for it.

Old Lar. It were happy for ſuch Raſcals as you, Sirrah, that all Honeſty was annihilated.

Y. Lar. But pray, Father, what Reaſons have you for preventing my Match with *Iſabel*?

Mart. Reaſons, young Gentleman, that are not proper for your Ears. *Iſabel* is intended for a better Bridegroom than you.

Old Lar. How, Sirrah! how! Do you diſparage my Son? Do you run down my Boy? Hearkee, either make up Affairs between them immediately, exert thy ſelf in thy proper Office and hold the Door, or I'll blow up thy Convent; I'll burn your Garriſon, and diſband ſuch a Set of black Locuſts as ſhall rob and pillage all *Toulon*.

Mart. I contemn thy Threats. The Saints defend their Miniſters.

Old Lar. The Saints defend their Miniſters! the Laws defend them: St. Wheel, and St. Priſon, and St. Gibbet, and St. Faggot; theſe are the Saints that defend you. If you had no Defence but from the Saints in the other World, you wou'd few of you ſtay long in this. If you had no other Arms than your Beads, you would have ſhortly no other Food.

Mart. Oh Slanderous! Oh impious! ſome Judgment cannot be far off.

Old Lar. When a Prieſt is ſo near—Sirrah!

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Iſabel, *to them.*

Mart. Daughter, fly from this wicked Place; the Breath of Sin has infected it, and two Gallons of Holy Water will ſcarce purify the Air.

Iſa. Oh! Heavens! What's the Matter, Father?

Old Lar. Why the Matter is, this Gentleman in Black here, for Reaſons beſt known to himſelf, and another Gentleman in Black, has thought fit to forbid your Marriage.

Iſa. What the Saints pleaſe.

Old Lar. Hoity-toity! What, has he fill'd your Head with the Saints too?

Iſa. Oh Sir! I have had ſuch Dreams.

Old Lar. Dreams! Ha, ha, ha: The Devil's in it, if a Girl juſt going to be married ſhould not have Dreams. But they were Dreams the Saints had nothing to do with, I warrant you.

Iſa. Such Viſions of Saints appearing to me, and adviſing me to a Nunnery.

Old Lar. Impoſſible! Impoſſible! for I have had Viſions too: I have been order'd by half a Dozen Saints to ſee you married with the utmoſt Expedition; and a very honeſt Saint, whoſe Name I forget, came to me about an Hour ago, and ſwore heartily if you were not married within this Week, he'd lead you to Purgatory in a Fortnight.

Mart. Oh! grievous!

Iſa. Can there be ſuch Contradictions?

Old Lar. Pſhaw! Pſhaw! Yours was a Dream, and ſo to be underſtood backwards; Mine, a true Viſion, therefore to be believ'd. Why, Child, I have been a famous Seer of Viſions in my Time. Wou'd you believe it? While I was in the Army, there never was a Battle, but I ſaw it ſome time beforehand. I have had an intimate Familiarity with the Saints, I know

know them all: There is not one of them cou'd be capable of ſaying ſuch a thing.

Iſa. Oh! Sir, I ſaw, and heard, and muſt believe, for none but the Church can contradict our Senſes.

Old. Lar. So, ſo! the Diſtemper's hereditary, I find: the Daughter is as full of the Church as the Father. Come away, Son, come away: I would not have thee marry into ſuch a Family; I ſhou'd be Grand-father to a Race of greaſy Prieſts. 'Sdeath! this Girl will be brought to bed of a Pope one Day or other.

Iſa. 'Tis out, 'tis out.

Mart. Oh prodigious! That ſuch a Saint ſhou'd propheſy Truth through thoſe Lips, whence the Devil has been thundring ſo many Lyes.

Old Lar. What Truth, Sir, what Truth?

Iſa. Oh! Sir, the Bleſſing you mentioned, has been promiſed me! I am to give a Pope to the World.

Old Lar. Are you ſo, Madam? He ſhall have no Blood of mine in him, I'm reſolv'd I'll never ask Bleſſings of a Grandſon. Come away, Jack, come a way, I ſay; let us leave the Devil's Son, and the Pope's Mother together.

Yo. Lar. Remember, my *Iſabel*, I only live in the Hopes of ſeeing you mine.

SCENE IX.

Martin, Iſabel.

Mart. It were better thou ſhouldſt howl in Purgatory ten thouſand Years, than ever ſee that Day. Oh! that we had but an Inquiſition in *France*. Burning four or five hundred ſuch Fellows in a Morning would be the beſt way of deterring others. Religion loves to warm it ſelf at the Fire of a Heretick.

Iſa. Fire is as neceſſary to keep our Minds warm as our Bodies, Father; and burning a Heretick is really a very great Service done to himſelf; a Faggot is a

Purge for a ſick Soul, and a Heretick is obliged to the Prieſt who applies it.

Mart. There ſpoke the Spirit of Zeal: Let me embrace thee, my little Saint; for ſuch thou will be, let me kiſs thee with the pure Affection of a Confeſſor—— Ha! there is ſomething Divine in theſe Lips, let me taſte them again; are you ſure you have drank no Holy Water this Morning?

Iſa. None, upon my Word.

Mart. Let me ſmell a third time. There. *Numero Deus impare gaudet.* Depend on it, Child, very great Happineſs will attend you. But be ſure to obſerve my Directions in every thing.

Iſa. I ſhall, Father. I did as you commanded me this Morning.

Mart. Well, and did you perceive any great Alterations in your ſelf? Any extraordinary Emotion?

Iſa. I cannot ſay I did.

Mart. Hum! Spirits have their own Times of Operation; which muſt be diligently watch'd for. Perhaps your good Genius was at that Time otherwiſe employ'd. Repeat the Ceremony often, and my Life on the Succeſs. Let me ſee, about an Hour hence will be a very good Seaſon. Be ready to receive him, and I firmly believe, the Spirit will come to you.

Iſa. Oh lud! Father, I ſhall be frightned out of my Wits at the Sight of a Spirit.

Mart. You will ſee nothing frightful, take my Word for it.

Iſa. I hope he won't appear in any horrible Shape.

Mart. Hum—— That is to be averted by *Ave Maria.* As this is a friendly Spirit, I dare ſay, you may prevail on him to take what Shape you pleaſe. Perhaps your Father, or if you cannot prevail for a Lay-man, I dare ſwear, you may at leaſt, pray him into the Shape of your Confeſſor: and tho' I muſt ſuffer Pain on that Account, I am ready to undergo it for your Service.

Iſa. I am infinitely obliged to my dear Father, I'll prepare my ſelf for this vaſt Happineſs, nothing ſhall be wanting on my Part, I aſſure you.

Mart. And if any thing be wanting on mine, may I never ſay Maſs again, or never be paid for Maſſes I have not ſaid. Either this Girl has extraordinary Simplicity, or what is more likely, extraordinary Cunning; ſhe does not ſeem averſe to my Kiſſes. Why ſhould I not imagine ſhe ſees and approves my Deſign. Well, I'll ſay this for the Sex: Let a Man but invent any Excuſe for the Sin, and they are all ready to undertake it. How happy is a Prieſt,

Who can the bluſhing Maid's Reſiſtance ſmother,
With Sin in one Hand, Pardon in the other.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, Iſabel's *Apartment.*

Young Laroon, Iſabel.

Young LAROON.

PErdition ſeize the Villain, may all the Torments of twenty Inquiſitions wrack his Soul.

Iſa. Act your Part well, and we ſhall not want his own Weapons againſt him.

Yo. Lar. Sure it is impoſſible he can intend it—

Iſa. Shall I make the Experiment?

Yo. Lar. I ſhall never be able to forbear murdering him.

Iſa. You ſhall promiſe not to commit any Violence, you know too well what wou'd be the Conſequence of that. Let us ſufficiently convict him, and leave his Puniſhment to the Law.

Yo. Lar. And I know too well what will be the Conſequence of that. There ſeems to be a Combination between Prieſts and Lawyers; the Lawyers are to ſave the Prieſts from Puniſhment for their Rogueries in this World, and the Prieſts the Lawyers in the next.

Iſa. However, the ſame Law that ſcreens him for having injured you, will puniſh you for having done Juſtice to him. [*Knocking at the Door.*

Iſa. Oh! Heavens! the Prieſt is at the Door. What ſhall we do?

Yo. Lar. Damn him: I'll ſtay here and confront him.

Iſa. Oh! No, by no means: For once, I'll attack him in his own Way; ſo the Moment he opens the Door, do you run out and leave the reſt to me.

[*She throws her ſelf into a Chair, and ſhrieks. Young* Laroon *overturns* Martin.

SCENE II.

Martin, Iſabel.

Mart. I am ſlain, I am overlaid, I am murdered. Oh! Daughter, Daughter, is this your patient Expectation of the Spirit?

Iſa. It has been here: It has been here.

Mart. What has been here?

Iſa. Oh! the Spirit, the Spirit. It has been here this half Hour, and juſt as you came in, it vaniſhed away in a Clap of Thunder, and I thought would have taken the Room with it.

Mart. I thought it would have taken me with it, I am ſure. Spirit indeed! There are abundance of ſuch Spirits as theſe in *Toulon*. And pray, how have the Spirit and you employed your time this half Hour?

Iſa. Oh! don't ask me: It is impoſſible to tell you.

Mart. Ay, 'tis needleſs too: for I can give a ſhrewd Gueſs. I ſuppoſe you like his Company.

Iſa.

Iſa. Oh! ſo well! That I could wiſh he would viſit me ten Times every Day.

Mart. Oh, Ho! And in the ſame Shape too.

Iſa. Oh! I ſhou'd like him in any Shape, and I dare ſwear he'll come in any Shape too: For he is the pureſt, ſweeteſt, moſt complaiſant Spirit: I could have almoſt ſworn it had been Mr. *Laroon* himſelf.

Mart. Was there ever ſuch a——

Iſa. Nay, when it came in firſt, it behaved juſt like Mr. *Laroon*, and call'd it ſelf by his Name; but when it found I did not anſwer a Word, it took me by the Hand, and cry'd, is it poſſible you can be angry with your *Laroon!* I anſwer'd not a Word; then it kiſſed me a hundred times; I ſaid nothing ſtill; it caught me in its Arms, and embrac'd me paſſionately; I ſtill behaved as you commanded me, very paſſive.

Mart. Oh! the Devil, the Devil! Was ever Man ſo caught. And did you never apprehend it to be Mr. *Laroon* himſelf?

Iſa. Heaven forbid, I ſhould have ſuffered Mr. *Laroon* in thoſe Familiarities, which you order'd me to allow the Spirit.

Mart. I am caught indeed. Damn'd driveling Idiot! [*Aſide.*

Iſa. But, dear Father, tell me, ſhall I not ſee it again quickly? For I long to ſee it again.

Mart. Oh! Yes, yes——

Iſa. I long to ſee it in the dark (methinks) for you know, Father, one ſees Spirits beſt in the dark.

Mart. Ay, ay, you'll ſee it in the dark, I warrant you; but be ſure and behave as you did before.

Iſa. And will he always behave as he did before, Father?

Mart. Hum! Be in your Chamber this Evening at Eight; take care there be no Light in the Room, and perhaps the Spirit may pay you a ſecond Viſit.

Iſa. I'll be ſure to be punctual.

Mart. And paſſive.

Iſa.

Isa. I'll obey you in every thing.

Mart. Senseless Oaf. But tho' I have lost the first Fruits by her extreme Folly, yet am I highly delighted with it; and if I do not make a notable use of it I am no Priest.

SCENE III.

Jourdain *solus.*

Oh! Purgatory! Purgatory! What wou'd I not give to escape thy Flames! (methinks) I feel them already. Hark! what Noise is that?—Nothing—Ha! what's that I see? Something with two Heads—What can all this portend?——What a poor miserable Wretch am I?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, a Friar below desires to speak with you.

Jourd. Why will you suffer a Man of Holy Order to wait a Moment at my Door? Bring him in. Perhaps he is some Messenger of Comfort. But Oh! I rather fear the reverse: For what Comfort can a Sinner like me expect?

SCENE IV.

Old Laroon *in a Friar's Habit*, Jourdain.

Old Lar. A Plague attend this House and all that are in it.

Jourd. Oh! Oh!

Old Lar. Art thou that miserable, sad, poor Son of a Whore, *Jourdain?*

Jourd. Alas! Alas!

Old Lar. If thou art he, I have a Message to thee from St. *Francis.* The Saint gives his humble Service to you, and bid me tell you, You are one of the saddest Dogs that ever liv'd; for having disobey'd his Orders, and attempted to put your Daughter into a Nunnery; For which he has given me positive Orders to assure

aſſure you, you ſhall lie in Purgatory five hundred thouſand Years.

Jourd. Oh!

Old Lar. And I aſſure you it is a very warm ſort of a Place; for I call'd there as I came along to take Lodgings for you.

Jourd. Oh! Heavens! is it poſſible! that you can have ſeen the dreadful Horrors of that Place?

Old Lar. Seen them! Ha, ha, ha, why, I have been there half a dozen times in a Day: Why, how far do you take it to be to Purgatory? Not above a Mile and half at fartheſt, and every Step of the way down Hill. Seen them! ay, ay, I have ſeen them, and a pretty Sight they are too, a pretty tragical ſort of a Sight; if it were not for the confounded Heat of the Air—then there is the prettieſt Conſort of Muſick.

Jourd. Oh! Heavens! Muſick!

Old Lar. Ay, ay, Groans, Groans, a fine Conſort of Groans, you would think your ſelf at an Opera, if it were not for the great Heat of the Air, as I ſaid before, ſome Spirits are ſhut up in Ovens, ſome are chain'd to Spits, ſome are ſcatter'd in Frying-pans—and I have taken up a Place for you on a Gridiron.

Jourd. Oh! I am ſcorch'd, I am ſcorch'd—For Pity's ſake, Father, intercede with St. *Francis* for me: Compaſſionate my Caſe——

Old Lar. There is but one way, let me carry him the News of your Daughter's Marriage, that may perhaps appeaſe him. Between you and I, St. *Francis* is a liquoriſh old Dog, and loves to ſet People to work to his Heart.

Jourd. She ſhall be married this Inſtant, the Saint muſt know it is none of my Fault: Had I rightly underſtood his Will, it had been long ſince perform'd—But well might I miſinterpret him, when even the Church, when Father *Martin* fail'd.

Old Lar. I wou'd be very glad to know where I ſhould find that ſame Father *Martin.* I have a ſmall

Com-

Commiſſion to him relating to a Purgatory Affair. St. *Francis* has ſentenced him to lie in a Frying-pan there, juſt ſix hundred Years, for his Amour with your Daughter.

Jourd. My Daughter!

Old Lar. Are you ignorant of it then? Did not you know that he had debauched your Daughter?

Jourd. Ignorant! oh! Heavens! no Wonder ſhe is refuſed the Veil.

Old Lar. I thought you had known it. I'll ſhew you a Sight worſe than Purgatory it ſelf. You ſhall behold this Diſgrace to the Church; a Sight ſhall make you ſhudder.

Jourd. Is it poſſible a Prieſt ſhould be ſuch a Villain?

Old Lar. Nothing's impoſſible to the Church you know.

Jourd. And may I hope St. *Francis* will be appeas'd.

Old Lar. Hum! There is a great Favourite of that Saint who lives in this Town, his Name is Monſieur *Laroon*. If you could get him to ſay half a Dozen Bead-Rolls for you, they might be of great Service.

Jourd. How! Can the Saint regard ſo looſe a Liver?

Old Lar. Oh! St. *Francis* loves an honeſt merry Fellow to his Soul. And hearkee, I don't think it impoſſible for Mr. *Laroon* to bring you acquainted with the Saint; for to my Knowledge, they very often crack a Bottle together.

Jourd. Can I believe it?

Serv. Father *Martin* is below.

Old Lar. Son, behave civilly to him, nor mention a Word of what I have told you—that we may entrap him more ſecurely.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Martin, *to them.*

Mart. Peace be with my Son. Ha! a Friar here! I like not this, I will have no Partners in my Plunder. Save you, reverend Father.

Old Lar. Tu quoque.

Mart. This Fellow ſhould be a Jeſuit by his Taciturnity. You ſee, Father, the miſerable State of our poor Son.

Old Lar. I have adviſ'd him thereon.

Mart. Your Advice is kind, tho' needleſs. He hath not wanted Prayer, Faſting, nor Caſtigation, which are proper Phyſick for him.

Old Lar. Or ſuppoſe, Father, he was to go to a Ball. What think you of a Ball?

Mart. A Ball?

Old Lar. Ay, or a Wench now; ſuppoſe we were to procure him a Wench.

Mart. Oh! monſtrous! Oh! impious!

Old Lar. I only give my Opinion.

Mart. Thy Opinion is damnable. And thou art ſome Wolf in Sheep's clothing. Thou art a Scandal to thy Order.

Old Lar. I wiſh thou art not more a Scandal to thine, Brother Father, to abuſe a poor old Fellow in a Fit of the Spleen here as thou doſt, with a Set of ridiculous Notions of Purgatory and the Devil knows what, when both you and I know there is no ſuch thing.

Mart. That I ſhould not know thee before. Don't you know this reverend Father, Son? Your worthy Neighbour *Laroon*.

Old Lar. Then farewel, Hypocriſy. I wou'd not wear thy Cloke another Hour for any Conſideration.

Jourd. What do I ſee?

Old Lar. Why you ſee a very honeſt Neighbour of yours, that has try'd to deliver you out of the Claws of a roguiſh Prieſt, whom you may ſee too; look in the Glaſs and you may ſee an old doating Fool, who is afraid of his own Shadow.

Mart. Be not concerned at this, Son. Perhaps, one Hour's ſuffering from this Fellow, may ſtrike off ſeveral Years of Purgatory; I have known ſuch Inſtances.

Jourd. Oh! Father! Didſt thou know what I have been guilty of believing againſt thee, from the Mouth of this wicked Man?

Old Lar. Death and the Devil, I'll ſtay no longer here; for if I do, I ſhall cut this Prieſt's Throat, tho' the Rack was before my Face.

SCENE VI.

Martin, Jourdain.

Mart. Son, take care of believing any thing againſt the Church: It is as ſinful to believe any thing againſt the Church, as to disbelieve any thing for it. You are to believe what the Church tells you, and no more.

Jourd. I almoſt ſhudder when I think what I believed againſt you. I believed that you had ſeduced my Daughter.

Mart. Oh! horrible! and did you believe it? Think not you believed it. I order you to think you did not believe it, and it were now ſinful to believe you did believe it.

Jourd. And can I think ſo.

Mart. Certainly. I know what you believe better than you your ſelf do. However, that your Mind may be cleanſed from the leaſt Pollution of Thought —go ſay over ten Bead-Rolls immediately, go and Peace attend you——

Jourd. I am exceedingly comforted within.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Martin *ſolus.*

Go. While I retire and comfort your Daughter. Was this a Suſpicion of *Laroon*'s, or am I betrayed? I begin to fear. I'll act with Caution, for I am not able yet to diſcover whether this Girl be of prodigious Simplicity or Cunning. How vain is Policy, when the little Arts of a Woman are ſuperior to th. Wiſdom of a Conclave. A Prieſt may cheat Mankind, but a Woman would cheat the Devil.

SCENE VIII. *The Street.*

Old Laroon, *Young* Laroon *meet.*

Y. Lar. Well, Sir, what Succeſs?

Old Lar. Succeſs! you Raſcal! If ever you offer to put me into a Prieſt's Skin again, I'll beat you out of your own.

Y. Lar. What's the Matter, Sir?

Old Lar. Matter, Sir? Why I have been laughed at, have been abuſed. 'Sdeath! Sir! I am in ſuch a Paſſion, that I do not believe I ſhall come to my ſelf again theſe twenty Years. That Raſcal *Martin* diſcovered me in an Inſtant, and turned me into a Jeſt.

Y. Lar. Be comforted, Sir, you may yet have the Pleaſure of turning him into one.

Old Lar. Nothing leſs than turning him inſide out. ——Nothing leſs than broiling his Gizzard will ſatisfy me.

Y. Lar. Come with me, and I dare ſwear, I'll give your Revenge Content. We have laid a Snare for him, which I think it is impoſſible he ſhould eſcape.

Old Lar. A Snare for a Prieſt! a Trap for the Devil! You will as ſoon catch the one as the other.

Y. Lar. I am ſure our Bait is good——A fine Woman is as good a Bait for a Prieſt-trap, as toaſted Cheeſe is for a Mouſe-trap.

Old Lar. Yes, but the Raſcal will nibble off twenty Baits before you can take him.

Y. Lar. Leave that to us. I'll warrant our Succeſs.

Old Lar. Wilt thou? then I ſhall have more Pleaſure in taking this one Prieſt, than I in all the other wild Beaſts I have ever taken.

SCENE IX.

Jourdain, Iſabel.

Iſa. If I don't convince you he's a Villain, remember me for your Daughter. Do not ſhut your Ears againſt Truth, and you ſhall want no other Evidence.

Jourd. Oh, Daughter, Daughter, ſome Evil Spirit is buſy with you. The ſame Spirit that viſited me this Morning, is now in you.

Iſa. I wiſh the Spirit that is in me wou'd viſit you, you wou'd kick this Rogue out of Doors.

Jourd. The wicked Reaſon of your Anger is too plain. The Prieſt won't let you have your Fellow.

Iſa. The Prieſt would have me for himſelf.

Jourd. Oh! wicked Affection! Oh! baſe Return for the Care he has taken of your poor ſinful Father, for the Love he has ſhewn for your Soul.

Iſa. He has ſhewn more Love for my Body, believe me, Sir. Nay, go but with me, and you ſhall believe your own Eyes and Ears.

Jourd. Againſt the Church, Heaven forbid!

Iſa. Will you not believe your own Senſes, Sir?

Jourd. Not when the Church contradicts them.—Alas! How do we know what we believe without the Church? Why I thought I ſaw Mr. *Laroon* and his Son to-day, when I ſaw neither. Alack-a-day, Child, the Church often contradicts our Senſes. But you owe theſe wicked Thoughts to your Education in *England*, that vile heretical Country, where every Man believes what Religion he pleaſes, and moſt believe none.

Iſa. Well, Sir, if you will not be convinced, you ſhall be the only Perſon in *Toulon* that is not.

Jourd.

Jourd. I will go with thee, if it were only to ſee how far this wicked Spirit will carry his Impoſtion; for I am convinced the Devil will leave no Stone unturn'd to work my Deſtruction.

Iſa. I hope you will find us too hard for him and his Ambaſſador too.

SCENE X. *Another Apartment.*

Young Laroon *in Woman's Clothes.*

None ever waited with more Impatience for her Lover than I for mine. It is a delightful Aſſignation, but I hope it is a Prelude to one more agreeable. I ſhall have Difficulty to refrain from beating the Raſcal before he has diſcover'd himſelf—

[*Knocking at the Door.*]

Who's there? [*Softly.*]

Bea. Iſabel, Iſabel.

Old Lar. Come in. What a ſoft Voice the Rogue caterwauls in.

SCENE XI.

Young Laroon, Beatrice.

Bea. What are you doing in the Dark, my Dear?

Y. Lar. Heyday, who the Devil is this? I ſeem to be in a way of an Aſſignation in earneſt.

Bea. Iſabel, where are you?

Y. Lar. Here, Child, give me your Hand. Dear Madamoiſelle *Beatrice,* is it you?

Bea. Oh Heavens! am I in a Man's Arms?

Y. Lar. Huſh! huſh!——Don't you know my Voice——I am *Laroon.*

Bea. Mr. *Laroon!* What Buſineſs can you have here?

Y. Lar. Ask me no Queſtions, get but into a Corner of the Room and be ſilent, and you will perhaps ſee a very diverting Scene. Nay, do not be afraid, for I aſſure you, it will be a very innocent one; make haſte, dear Madam, you will do a very laudable Action, by being an additional Evidence to the Diſcovery of a notorious Villain.

Bea.

Bea. I cannot gueſs your Meaning, but would willingly aſſiſt on ſuch an Occaſion.

Yo. Lar. Now for my deſiring Lover. Ha! I think I hear him.

SCENE XII.

Young Laroon, Martin.

Mart. Iſabel, Iſabel, where are you?

Yo. Lar. Here.

Mart. Come to my Arms, my Angel.

Yo. Lar. I hope you are in no frightful Shape.

Mart. I am in the Shape of that very good Man thy Confeſſor, honeſt Father *Martin.* Let me embrace thee, my Love, my Charmer.

Yo. Lar. Bleſs me, what do you mean?

Mart. The Words even of a Spirit cannot tell you what I mean. Lead me to thy Bed, there ſhalt thou know my Meaning. There will we repeat thoſe Pleaſures which this Day I gave thee in another Shape—Tread ſoftly, my deareſt, ſweeteſt! This Night ſhall make thee Mother to a Pope. [Laroon *leads him out.*

SCENE XIII. *Another Apartment.*

Old Laroon, Jourdain, Iſabel, *a Prieſt, Young* Laroon, Martin, *and* Beatrice.

Mart. Whither would you pull me?

Yo. Lar. Villain, I'll ſhew thee whither.

Mart. Ha!

Yo. Lar. Down on thy Knees, confeſs thy ſelf the worſt of Villains, or I'll drive this Dagger to thy Heart.

Prieſt. He needs not confeſs, our Ears are ſufficient Witneſſes againſt him.

Old Lar. Huzzah! Huzzah! The Prieſt is caught, the Prieſt is caught.

Jourd. I am Thunder-ſtruck with Amazement.

Old Lar. How durſt you attempt to debauch my Son, you black Raſcal: I have a great Mind to make

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an Example of you for attempting to diſhonour my Family.

Prieſt. You ſhall be made a ſevere Example of for having diſhonour'd your Order.

Mart. I ſhall find another time to anſwer you.

Old Lar. Hold, Sir, hold. I have too much Charity not to cleanſe you, as much as poſſible, from your Pollution. So, Who's there? [*Enter Servants.*] Here take this worthy Gentleman, and waſh him a little in a Horſe-pond, then toſs him dry in a Blanket.

1 *Serv.* We will waſh him with a Vengeance.

All. Ay, ay, we'll waſh him.

Mart. You may repent this, Mr. *Laroon.*

SCENE *the Laſt.*

Old Laroon, *Young* Laroon, Jourdain, *Prieſt*, Iſabel, *and* Beatrice.

Prieſt. Tho' he deſerves the worſt, yet conſider his Order, Mr. *Laroon.*

Old Lar. Sir, he ſhall undergo the Puniſhment, tho' I ſuffer the like afterwards. Well, Maſter *Jourdain*, I hope you are now convinced, that you may marry your Daughter without going to Purgatory for it.

Jourd. I hope you will pardon what is paſt, my good Neighbour. And you, young Gentleman, will, I hope, do the ſame. If my Girl can make you any amends, I give you her for ever.

Yo. Lar. Amends! Oh! She would make me large Amends for twenty thouſand times my Sufferings.

Iſa. Tell me ſo hereafter, my dear Lover. A Woman may make a Man amends for his Sufferings before Marriage; but can ſhe make him amends for what he ſuffers after it?

Yo. Lar. Oh! think not that can ever be my Fate with you.

Old Lar. Pox o' your Raptures. If you don't make her ſuffer before to-morrow-morning, thou art no Son of mine, and if ſhe does not make you ſuffer within this

this Twelve-month. Blood she is no Woman — Come, honest Neighbour, I hope thou hast discovered thy own Folly and the Priest's Roguery together, and thou wilt return and be one of us again.

Jourd. Mr. *Laroon*, if I have err'd on one side, you have err'd as widely on the other. Let me tell you, a Reflexion on the Sins of your Youth would not be unwholesome.

Old Lar. 'Sblood Sir! but it wou'd. Reflexion is the most unwholesome thing in the World. Besides Sir, I have no Sins to reflect on but those of an honest Fellow. If I have lov'd a Whore at five and twenty, and a Bottle at forty; Why, I have done as much good as I could, in my Generation; and that, I hope will make amends.

Isa. Well, my dear *Beatrice*, and are you positively bent on a Nunnery still?

Bea. Hum! I suppose you will laugh at me, if I shou'd change my Resolution; but I have seen so much of a Priest to-day, that I really believe, I shall spend my Life in the Company of a Lay-man.

Old Lar. Why, that is bravely said, Madam, S'bud! I like you, and if I had not resolv'd, for the Sake of this Rascal here, never to marry again, S'bud! I might take you into my Arms: And I can tell you, they are as warm as any young Fellow's in *Europe*— Come, Master *Jourdain*, this Night, you and I will crack a Bottle together, and to-morrow-morning we will employ this honest Gentleman here, to tack our Son and Daughter together, and then I don't care if I never see a Priest again as long as I live.

Isa. [to *Yo. Lar.*] Well, Sir. You see we have got the better of all Difficulties at last. The Fortune of a Lover are very unreasonable, when he is once sure of the Sincerity of his Mistress,

For when a Woman sets her self about it,
Nor Priest, nor Devil can make her go without.

FINIS.

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